

# Lord WILLOUGHBY;

O R,

A true relation of a famous and bloody battel fought in Flanders, by the noble & valiant Lord Willoughby, with 1500 English, against forty thousand Spaniards, where the English obtained a notable victory, for the glory and renown of our Nation. To the Tune of, Lord Willoughby.



**T**he fifteenth day of July,  
with glittering spear and shield,  
A famous fight in Flanders,  
was foughten in the field:  
The most courageous Officers,  
was English Captains three,  
But the bravest man in Battel,  
was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,  
a valiant man was he,  
The other Captain Turner,  
that from field would never see:  
With fifteen hundred fighting men  
alas there was no more,  
They fought with forty thousand then,  
upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble Pike-men,  
and look you round about,  
And shoot you right you Bow-men,  
and we will keep them out.

You Musquet and Calliber men,  
do you prove true to me,  
I'll be the foremost man in fight,  
says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy,  
they fierce y' did assault:  
And fought it out most valiantly;  
not doubting to prevail:  
The wounded men on both sides fell,  
most pitious for to see,  
Yet nothing could the courage quell  
of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all mens view,  
this fight endured soe,  
Until our men so feeble grew;  
that they could fight no more:  
And then upon dead Horses,  
full sabburly they eat,  
And drank the puddle water;  
for no better they could get.

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**W**hen they had fed so freely,  
they kneeled on the ground,  
And praised God devoutly,  
for the labour they had found;  
And bearing up their Colours,  
the fight they did renew,  
And turning toward the Spaniard,  
five thousand more they slew.

The Sharp steel pointed Arrows,  
and Bullets thick did flye,  
Then did our Valiant Souldiers,  
charge on most furiously;  
Which made the Spaniards waver,  
they thought it best to flee,  
They fear'd the stout behaviour  
of brave Lord willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish General,  
come let us march away,  
I fear we shall be spoiled all,  
if that we longer stay:  
For ponder comes Lord willoughby  
with courage fierce and fell,  
He will not give one inch of ground  
for all the Devils in Hell,

And then the fearful enemy,  
was quickly put to flight,  
Our men pursued courageously,  
and rout their forces quite.

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And at last they gave a shout,  
which echoed through the sky,  
God and St. George for England,  
the conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England,  
with all the speed might be,  
And told unto our gracious Queen,  
of this same Victory.  
O this is brave Lord willoughby,  
my love hath ever won,  
Of all the Lords of honour,  
tis he great deeds hath done.

For Souldiers that were maimed,  
and wounded in the fray,  
The Queen allowed a Pension,  
of righteen pence a day:  
Besides all costs and charges,  
she quit and set them free,  
And this she did all for the sake,  
of brave Lord willoughby.

Then courage noble English men,  
and never be dismayd,  
If that we be but one to ten  
we will not be afraid;  
Go fight with foreign Enemies,  
and set our Country free,  
And thus I end this bloody tale  
of brave Lord willoughby.